

Parents and Children.

THERE are few parents who fully comprehend the amount of influence their example and spirit exert over their children. The intuitions of childhood are wonderful, and parents rarely understand their power and influence in the formation of character, which often begins in a child long before the parent in the least degree expects it. The babe in its mother's arms is more or less affected by the disposition and temper of its parent and older members of the family, and as it grows older the moral tone and actual practical life manifested in the household, affect it very much more than any amount of instruction or imparted precept. The first manifestation of reason in infancy is shown in the child's attempts to imitate what it sees done in its presence; and so the moral example that is set before children, and the spirit and temper that parents partake of, are naturally imitated by them, and they take their strongest impressions, and are very much more influenced by what occurs in their presence than any amount of instruction or warning directly imparted to themselves by word of mouth. If a little prattler is taught to be gentle, loving and kind, and then sees its parents quarrelsome, proud, self-willed, and selfish, the child very naturally feels that the instruction is of little account, and so soon manifests the same characteristics that are prominent in one or both of its parents. Children are great critics, and quick to note the weakness of their elders, and readily observe any failure on the part of a parent to practice what the child is taught to do and say. And so I desire to call the attention of thoughtless and indiscreet parents and instructors to the importance of looking to their conversation, tempers, and doings generally, when in the presence of childhood, so that no evil influence is unconsciously exerted by them upon a young immortal soul.

If parents or older brothers and sisters have differences and contentions let them restrain themselves until childhood is absent. If a mother or father has an unkind word to say of neighbors, or an adverse criticism to make upon their dress, manner of living, business, or any other remark not entirely Christ-like, let them at least wait until the children are beyond hearing. It is natural and right for a child to look up to and imitate its parent, and the Fifth Commandment indicates clearly the importance as well as the reward of honoring parents.

A parent who is fond of his child naturally watches its development of mind and character with great interest and delight, but he should see to it that he is not making the child vain and proud-spirited by calling the frequent attention of friends to its attainments and personal attractions when it is present. When the little one is to be commended, let the parent see to it that vanity and pride are not being engendered or fostered; and so beauty of form or feature should never be alluded to by the parent in the child's presence, and its attainments should be praised or rather commended generally in secret, that is, with itself alone. But interest and love should be shown in the way the parent makes adverse comparisons in speaking of neighbors and their children, when those spoken of are absent, and then when in their presence commends the same persons who were abused when absent, what a tendency it creates to make a child deceitful and give to undue flattery, slander or abuse! Parents who are anxious to have their children grow up truthful, honest and amiable, little think of what they are doing when prevarication, double-dealing or evil temper is manifested in their own lives and conduct, and frequently under the notice of the child itself!

I have been greatly interested in watching the countenance of a four-year-old little girl, whose mother would frequently reprove it in jest; and the little one could read the mother's countenance, or by intuition readily comprehend whether her mother was in jest or in earnest, when I could see no difference in her countenance, words or manner. Children are much less deceived than their parents often think, and therefore parents should always endeavor to be candid, truthful, consistent and kind in their treatment of children, and in all that they say or do in their presence.

Every little boy thinks it right to do what his papa does, and every little girl is anxious to dress like and do just as mamma does; and so parents' characteristics and ways of looking at both the present and the future life are generally reproduced in the lives of their children. I have noticed this fact in politics and in religion. The son's tendencies are to look at his father's religious belief as the only true method of salvation, and to his father's political party as the only honest and true one, and rarely can he see any virtue or goodness in any thing that his father opposes; but, when it comes to habits and appetites, I notice that, no matter how much the father opposes the use of tobacco by his son, (and I have seen but rarely a father who wanted his son to imitate his use of tobacco), their example nearly always proves stronger than precept, and the son does as he sees the father do, and not as his father advises and teaches. A mother who lives an artificial life—whose idea is to dress and make a show of her personal beauty and dress—is generally reproduced in the lives and conduct of her daughters. Let us remember that example is more powerful than precept, and that what we do influences our children very much more than what we say.—*Cor. N. Y. Witness.*

A Modern New York House.

THE painful regularity of the brown-stone fronts in the side streets of New York has frequently been commented on. Of late a better style of architecture has become fashionable, and, although several new atrocities are being perpetrated in the upper part of the city, still there is an evident desire for architectural and decorative improvement. West Fifty-seventh Street is a remarkable instance of this tendency, and the architectural style of the houses in that street cannot fail to attract the attention of the passer-by. In the front of one house which has been recently finished, carved bricks have been introduced. The style of the house, which is Lombardic, somewhat freely treated, is fashionable, and the north of Italy. The basement story,

faced with stone, is surmounted by a triangular bay window. The entrance steps are inclosed by a high balustrade, finished at the top with a parapet and stone newels. Here the visitor is charmed by the wide side and upper lights of crystalized glass surrounding the oaken door, which, opening, discloses not a vestibule, but an outer room. A tiled floor of different colored marbles, arranged so as to conform with the constructive features of the walls, meets the eye. In a recess a wide mirror is set back, reaching from the ceiling to the long, low shelves of ash, which, adorned with Japanese vases and umbrellas, form a repository for hats and wraps. A door opens in the vestibule staircase, disclosing a mirror at the foot and side of the stairs, which, like all the woodwork in the house, are of ash. The stairs are rectangular, with landings finished to present the appearance of arched galleries. The drawing-room is in the Queen Anne style. The ceiling is paneled in ash, with mahogany moldings. The floor is of black walnut, with a border of cherry wood. Turkish rugs cover, but do not hide, the beautiful effect of the dark flooring. Opposite the door is a dainty cabinet of exquisitely carved oak, finished with plate-glass doors and a mirrored back, reflecting the bric-a-brac on its shelves. The mantelpiece is a marvel of light and airy oak carving. The fireplace is finished with tile enameled in turquoise colors. A triangular projection finishes the other end of the drawing-room. In the niche on one side is a statue of Daphne, in the other is a door opening into the staircase.

The library contains on one side of the door a shelf filled with old china and rare knick-knacks. A low mantelpiece, in contradistinction to the high one in the drawing-room, is also of carved wood and inclosed with a tiled hearth. Bookcases of finely carved French walnut, with sofas and chairs of the same wood, covered with rich colored velvet upholstery, and a Turkish rug, gorgeous in Oriental tints, light up the room, which has a stained glass window opening into the hall, while another of plate glass, in the triangular projection which ends the library, opens into the dining-room. The doors of this house all fit back in their sockets—a great economy of space and a practical exemplification of the eternal fitness of things.

The walls and ceilings of the dining-room, a charming octagonal room, are entirely of ash, with the exception of the small space usually occupied by cornices. The room is large—twenty-eight feet by sixteen—another triangular bay window is at one end; the middle compartment contains a radiator, with an ornamental screen of tiles and brass. The panels on two sides of the room are large enough to contain family portraits. Curtains of pongee silk have been embroidered bands and are attached to a rod fitting in the window socket. Above this, as above all the windows and openings on that floor, are arched transoms of glass. On the side of the room is a high, exquisitely carved buffet of French wood, such as was fashionable during the early Renaissance. The high-back chairs of the same style, covered with imitation tapestry, and a massive sideboard over which the sun streams in through a stained glass window, are in excellent keeping. The mantelpiece is low, with a mirror reaching to the ceiling. Tiles of English enamel, with a ventilator on one side and a register on the other, finish a hearth whose brass andirons are matched by the brass clock and ornaments above it.

It would be impossible to describe all the salient points of one of the most unique and artistic houses in New York. It is a dwelling where one would not be surprised to see little Penelope Boothby sitting in her quaint, demure style. In this Queen Anne house, so Gothic in its finish that the very chandeliers and side lights are ecclesiastical, one expects the door might open into a private chapel.—*The Hour.*

The Skin.

The skin is wonderful beyond conception in the multiplicity of its parts, and in its diverse offices and relations. Millions of nerves connect it with the brain. Thousands of arteries bring to it nourishment, and almost as many veins bear away the waste. Millions of ducts empty out the perspiration upon it. Innumerable glands anoint it with a lubricating oil, and countless little scales are constantly thrown from its surface. So intimate and powerful is its connection with the nervous centers, that one kind of emotion instantly blanches it and another kind mantles it with a burning blush—the first contracting its vessels, the other dilating them. The skin has its peculiar diseases, but many of its ailments come from its readiness to help other organs which are diseased or torpid, for it exceeds all others in its "vicarious" power. The skin is a double The outer—epidermis—protects the nerves and vessels of the inner from rude contact with, and from the absorption of, poisonous or harmful substances. To vaccinate, we have to break through the epidermis. So, too, when this is sound, it is safe to handle morbid matter; but to do so with the slightest scratch or chafe is sometimes to incur death in its most frightful form. Warmth applied to the surface dilates the blood-vessels of the skin, and cold contracts them. Hence, a warm bath soothes and refreshes, by drawing the blood to the surface; local fomentations over an inflamed spot will relieve the pain by drawing away the blood. A counter-irritant acts on essentially the same principle. Cold applied to the surface for a brief time contracts the vessels and crowds the blood back, which then returns with accumulated force, producing a healthy glow. If the vitality is low, this reaction does not take place, and the cold only harms. Generally only the purest soap (castile) should be used in washing the hands, as the alkali of most soaps tends to destroy the epidermis. No bathing of the whole body should be protracted beyond a few minutes, else the good effect of it is lost, even if serious harm is not done. Sea-bathing is additionally beneficial from the stimulating effect of its salts.—*Youth's Companion.*

MYRA CLARK GAINES, the great female lawsuitist, celebrated her 73d birthday by having the chicken-pox.

Hob-Nobbing with Great Men.

A LITTLE knot of printers, just arrived in Titusville, were indulging in some personal reminiscences, and an epitome of the conversation will give the public an insight into the cosmopolitan life of the craft, and show how they often hob-nob with greatness.

Said Slug One: "I tell you, Sam Bowles was a good one. Nothing small about Sam. One day I struck Springfield, busted flat as a flat-iron, and bolted right for the *Republican* office. Sam was writing an editorial on the Kansas border law, or some of those old heavy subjects, but he dropped every thing, and made it nice and comfortable for me. Gave me an order on a restaurant for something, and gave me the ad. frames that night."

Did you ever strike Greeley when you wanted a favor? asked Slug Two. "Greeley was always busy grinding out that horrible 'copy' of his, but he rarely allowed his work to interfere with his social duties. I was present once, however, when he threw a printer down stairs, but I never blamed the old fellow much. The trouble grew out of some insinuation I had made about the Niagara meeting."

Slug Three said he struck Louisville once in George D. Prentice's time, and the visit was always a bright spot in his memory. "I wanted to see the old man and went right to his private office. He asked me what I needed any thing, and I told him I didn't. I had two full weeks' work in my pocket, and told him I wanted him to come out and take something with me. I remember it like it was yesterday. He was writing a poem on the death of a child—none of your Philadelphia *Leigler* poetry, but the real thing. George jabbed his pen into the desk and said, kind of melancholy like: 'I don't often take anything, but when I do, I have noticed it is usually about this time of day.' He stayed right with me all afternoon. Never had such a circus in my life. The police knew George, or took us for might have been jugged. Quote poetry? 'Why, he would hang on to the edge of a bay like a ground squirrel and quote the Greek and Latin poets till your head would swim.'"

Slug Four was in Boston when Dickens read there, and enjoyed the extreme felicity of a night off with the great novelist. Dickens came into the office one night to look over the report of his lecture, and made some corrections and additions in the proof. "I couldn't read his writing very well," said the printer, "and brought the proof out and asked him what so and so was. He told me, and then tipped me the wink, and asked me to correct the galley and put on a sub, and come and see him at his hotel. When I got through and went around to the Tremont House, it was about one o'clock in the morning, but I was darned if Dickens wasn't waiting for me. Well, I needn't tell you any more than to say, simply, that before we parted company he wanted me to call him Charlie."

And so the interesting personal reminiscences went on. One printer, a Frenchman, had up a sonnet from Victor Hugo's manuscript. He captured the "copy" and had it at his boarding house now, if any one cared to step around and see it. Another had set up a "take" of a famous double-leaded editorial on the abolition of slavery, written by the elder Bennett, and injected into it, surreptitiously and with cussedness aforethought, a quotation from "Mary's Little Lamb," chewed up the copy and managed the whole thing with such devilish adroitness, that it got into the paper and went through all the editions.—*Titusville (Pa.) World.*

The Romance of Flynn's Career.

Flynn carried a rifle for the Union, and when the war ended he still carried it, and to such purpose that his body was seamed with scars. His blood had wet the soil of six States and splintered bones had been left on as many more. He had come to this country when there was nothing for a poor man to do but fight, and Flynn had the pluck of the old soldier in his soul, and when that is to be done the sons of Erin never do by halves.

Broken in health, without money, for he had sent his pay home, without friends and unable to work, Flynn went to the "Home," at Hampton, where he stayed for a while, until he was patched up. But that life did not suit him and he obtained a leave of absence to come to Washington. He had his pension, \$8 a month; he was young and ambitious, besides there was a little girl over the sea waiting for him—waiting as true and loyal for him as though he were an Emperor. He made himself useful at a hotel where he attracted the attention of a man of influence, who obtained for him a messenger's position in one of the Departments.

He took some of that money and went to night schools. Obliging and attentive he made friends, and after a time was designated for a clerkship, and, thanks to his application and perseverance in studying, he passed the examination and received the appointment to a first-class clerkship, with a salary of \$1,200 per annum. Last summer I met Flynn from his accustomed haunts, and had come to the conclusion that just as good fortune had found him he had gone the way of all earth, when one bright afternoon last week I met him on the avenue with a beautiful woman on his arm; he was as happy and proud as a field marshal.

He had been to Ireland, and in dear old Roscommon, in the same church where they had both been christened when babies, the same priest made them man and wife. What content shone in the violet eyes of the pretty bride as she leaned on the arm of her hero. "They made so much of Jimmy," she said; "for he's coming back for me. The whole parish came to the wedding and danced till sunrise." The spring time of their love-life has reached its summer, and, tried in the furnace of delays, their future is bright with the promise of happiness when the autumn and winter come. With such a woman to complement him, there is something more for Flynn than a clerkship.—*Washington Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

A LAD in South Hampton, N. H., recently captured alive a fine specimen of the night heron. The bird was found with one of its feet held fast in the jaws of a large snapping-turtle.

Our Young Folks.

SLUMBER-LAND.

[MAMMA AND MARY AT BED-TIME.]
"Come!" she said: "It is sleepy time! I will sing you such a sweet little rhyme— Something that you can all learn— About what they do in Slumber-land."
"No," he said, "I will not be good! I'm a robber—I live on a great big wood; It is made of cake and jam and trees— You can go to Slumber-land, if you please!"
"But listen!" she said: "In Slumber-Town Everybody is lying down, And all the creatures, from man to fish, Have something better than they can wish!"
"Then they don't know how to wish," he said. "I think it is stupid to lie in bed! I am going to turn the world all down, And I don't want to go to your Slumber-Town."
"But listen!" she said: "In Slumber-Street You often hear music loud and sweet, And sometimes, there, you meet face to face People you'll meet in no other place!"
"Oh, that," he said, "will not make me go: I like a hand-organ best, you know, With a monkey; and I do not care To meet strange people anywhere!"
"But listen!" she said: "In Slumber-House The cat rubs how to catch his mouse; The naughty boys are never there Stood in a corner or set on a chair!"
"Well, that is a little better," said he, "But I am going, at once, to see! I'm a robber, I'm not a little boy, And this is my trumpet—Ship ahoy!"
"But listen!" she said: "In Slumber-Room Such beautiful flowers you see in bloom: The best of them all, the very best, You may pick if you choose—its name is 'Rest.'"
"Why, that's a queer name for a flower," he said: "But you needn't think I am going to bed! I'll robber again—a great big, brave, Splendid robber—and this is my caveat!"
How quiet the cave grew, presently: She smiled, and stooped low down to see, And what she saw was her little brigand Traveling far into Slumber-land.
Two curtains white, with their fringes brown, Had shut him fast into Slumber-Town, And he knew that the caties in the feet Were walking softly in Slumber-Street.—*Maryjane Vanhook, in St. Nicholas.*

CAUGHT IN A BRIER-BUSH.

OUT in a part of the country where it is very hilly, there stands a red house at the foot of a steep hill whose side is covered with birch and pine trees, and a thick undergrowth of brush. In that house live two little children, and what do you think they did one day?

Their mamma was busy baking, and they went to play by the little brook in the yard. They were making a bridge of stones there, and that morning they finished it. Then Susie's white kitten tried it, and stepped across without waiting for them to let it down.

"Now that's done, and what'll we do next?" asked restless little Susie.
"I know," said Bennie: "let's go up the hill and find where the brook begins. It's hard climbing, and mother thinks I ain't big enough; but I'm bigger now than I was the last time I asked her."

"Well, let's go then," said Susie, eagerly, and off they started, hand in hand at first, but they soon found they each needed two hands to catch hold of the bushes and projecting rocks, as they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and they went; it was pretty tiresome, but there was fun in it, for the white kitten ran nimbly ahead and kept stopping for them, and the brook seemed to laugh out loud as it danced merrily to meet them.

"Haven't we gone much as a mile?" asked Susie at last, winding her arm around a young birch tree, while she stopped to take breath.
"I don't know," said Bennie. "See, there's our chimney down there, and smoke going out. Mother's making pies."

"Oh, then let's hurry!" Susie exclaimed, starting again, and as she pushed her way around a thick briery bush, there was the white kitten waiting for them just ahead, and there at last was the bubbling spring, gushing from among the rocks, the birth-place of their dear brook.

"Oh, Susie, make a cup of your hand and drink some water!" said Bennie, bending down to do it himself.
"Wait a minute I'll show you," cried Susie, struggling as she spoke to disentangle herself, but it seemed as if every thorn on the bush reached out to catch at her, and she could not get away.

Bennie ran to help her, but only got his hands scratched, and when Susie turned her head, the briars caught her curls so that she could not move any more without her hair being pulled. This was too discouraging, and she began to cry.

"I wish mamma was here," said Bennie, looking wistfully down at the top of the home chimney below.

"Mamma! mamma!" he shouted then as loud as he could; but the wind blew the wrong way and took the shout up hill instead of down. Then he said he would go home and tell her to come.
"Oh, no, no!" begged Susie. "I don't dare be left alone; there might be bears among the trees, or a snake. Don't go, Bennie!"
"Well, I won't," said Bennie; "but I wish I had some scissors or a knife. Father ought to give me a knife, anyhow; I'm big enough."

Then he sat down by Susie, and they wondered what they should do; would they have to go without dinner and supper? Would they have to stay all night there on the hill?

"Oh, I am so tired!" said Susie, moving her head a little, but it hurt so that she began to cry again. The little white kitten rubbed against her and purred, but it could not help her. Yes it could help her! A bright idea flashed into Bennie's mind.
"Let's send a note to mamma by kitty!" he exclaimed. "I've got some paper in my pocket and a little stub end of pencil, and I can print!"

Susie stopped crying and watched with great interest while Ben slowly printed down these words on a torn slip of paper:

"Dear MaMa, We air up here Tangled in a Briar Bush. CuM!"

Then he drew a piece of string in his pocket, and tied the note around the white kitten's neck. When that was done, he turned her head down the hill towards home, and clapping his hands at her, said in dreadful tones: "Scat! Scat!"

The frightened kitten darted down

the hill, and was quickly out of sight among the bushes.
"No mamma'll come!" said Susie, with a sigh of relief. But Bennie had, thought of something else.

"I'm going to send a letter in a boat now," he said, and again he slowly pinned on another ragged slip—
"Dear MaMa, We air up helle Tangled in a Briar Bush. CuM!"

This he fastened to a piece of birch bark, and launched it down the little tumbling stream, which carried it swiftly out of sight.

"Now she'll come pretty soon," he said, sitting down in perfect faith to wait.
Their mamma baked her bread that morning, and then she baked pies and made cookies and got her dinner over before she had time to think much about the children. Then she stepped to the door to see how they were getting along, and called them, but there was no answer.

The wind blew in her face and the white kitten rubbed against her feet.
"Where are the children, kitty?" she asked, looking down, and then she spied the note tied around the white-furry neck. She took it off and read the blurred words:

"Dear MaMa, We air up helle Tangled in a Briar Bush. CuM!"
She caught her sun-bonnet off the nail and started, but hardly knew which way to go. They were up the hill, of course, but she might miss them. As she stood irresolute, right in sight down the brook came the little birch-bark raft, with a piece of paper pinned to it which was too wet to read, but it told her all she wanted to know, for now it was plain that they had gone along by the brook.

So she started swiftly up the hill, pushing the bushes aside, with the little white kitten running before her, and as it was nearly a mile nor even a quarter, that the little ones had gone, she soon reached the spot where Susie stood wearily in the grasp of the briar bush, and Ben sat patiently waiting at her side.

Was there ever a tangle that a mamma could not set right? Gently and skillfully she freed first the curls, and then the little dress, and then with her light-hearted girl and boy followed the stream back again, just in time to meet papa as he came to dinner.—*Mary L. Bolles Branch, in Youth's Companion.*

Corn-Stalk Cattle.

LAST winter my health gave out, and the doctor said I must go South. What a mourning there was among our little boys at the thought of losing Aunt Kate and her "beautiful stories!"

Just before the train started, little Jamie begged to be held up to the car window to give me a good-bye kiss. Poor little fellow! his eyes streamed with tears, and not even the promise of a pound of candy could console him.

I was not going to Florida, where fashionable invalids spend their winters, but to the home of an old friend of mine on an Alabama plantation. How glad I was to find that she, too, had a little boy! He was not much like the nephews I had left behind, but I soon found him to be a good-hearted, brave little lad.

His mamma and I were sitting one rainy morning with our work before a great wood fire, when Frankie and his bosom companion, Abe, a colored boy, came in with an armful of long, dry corn stalks, a handful of chicken feathers and two kitchen knives.

"Now, Frankie, you are going to make a mess, so get some papers and put them down on the floor," said Frankie's mamma. Abe ran to get the papers, and very soon the two boys were down on their knees, peeling the stalks.

I noticed that the stalks were old and brittle, and that the boys preserved the minutes. After watching them for some minutes, I began to make inquiries as to what the stalks were for.

"These is fur cattle," said Abe, grinning.

I then asked how they made cattle. Frankie did not seem communicative, so Abe again answered my question.
"We'll, we cut 'em 'em. If yer waits a minute I'll show yer."

He cut off a piece of the peeled stalk about four inches long, then split the hull into four pieces about a quarter of an inch wide and two inches long. He stuck two of these pieces near one end of the stalk for hind-legs, and the two others at a quarter of an inch from the other end for front ones. He then cut a piece of the stalk about an inch long for the head, a niche for the mouth, two pins for eyes, and narrow bits of hull for horns; another little strip of hull was stuck first into the head and then into the body to form the neck, a chicken-feather put in for the tail, and the job was finished.

"Now, den," said Abe, triumphantly, holding it up, "don't yer see dat's a cow?"

I smiled, but Abe was too good-natured to notice it. This animal I found, with slight variations, was made to represent horses, cows, mules, sheep, dogs and pigs, and even chickens, which, of course, were much smaller, and had only two legs. In the course of the morning Frankie and Abe manufactured a sow with seven little pigs, two cows, a mule and a horse.

It had stopped raining, so the boys asked if I would not like to go out and see their farms. Under a shed in the yard were these two farms, arranged as nearly as possible like Frankie's father's. Barns, stables, wagon-houses and pig-pens were made of bricks on a very small scale, and inhabited by corn-stalk cattle.

A wagon made of a chip tied to two spoons was hitched up with two corn-stalk oxen, their feather tails standing up in the air.

I thought my little friends would like this new breed of cattle. They struck me as being much easier to manage than those of Noah's ark, for there is hardly a boy who has not had all manner of trouble in making Father Noah's cows and horses stand up. Gather together some corn stalks this autumn, let them dry, and stock a farm for yourself.—*Florence E. Tyng, in Harper's Young People.*

The Emory City (British Columbia) Sentinel says it is read in every house in that town; but there are only two houses, and one of these is the office of the *Sentinel* newspaper.

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